

See West Society

MORNING

# SATURDAY



# VISITOR.

E. CAMERON & L. J. RITCHEY.

Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain,

Unaw'd by influence, unbribed by gain.

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

VOL. IV

CITY OF WARSAW, MISSOURI, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 15, 1848.

NO 24.

## Office over the Drug Store, (Entrance from the Public Square.)

### TERMS:

The Saturday Morning Visitor is published once a week, at Two DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance.

Advertisements will be inserted at 21 per square (of sixteen lines or less) for the first insertion, and fifty cents for each continuance. For one square 3 months, \$5—do for six months, \$8—do for 12 months, \$12 00.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions required, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisers by the year will be confined strictly to their business.

Candidates announced for \$3 00.

### PORTAL.



## THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

BY REV. J. LYONS.

Along the smooth and slender wires  
The sleepless heralds run.  
Fast as the clear and living rays  
Go streaming from the sun.  
No peals or flashes heard or seen  
Their wondrous flight betrays.  
And yet their words are quickly felt,  
In cities far away.

Nor summer's heat, nor winter's hail,  
Can check their rapid course;  
They meet unshaken the fierce wind's rage,  
The rough wind's sweeping course;  
In the long night of rain and wail,  
As in the blaze of day,  
They rush, with news of woe or joy,  
To thousands far away.

But faster still than things borne  
On that electric cord,  
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves  
The Christian's life and Lord—  
Of him who taught in smiles and tears,  
With fervent lips to pray,  
Maintain high converse here on earth  
With bright worlds far away.

Aye! though no outward wish is breathed,  
Nor outward answer given,  
The sighing of that humble heart,  
Is known and felt in heaven;  
The long frail wires may bend and break,  
Those visionless herds may stray,  
But Faith's last word shall reach the throne  
Of God, though far away.

### EDITORIAL WIT.

Two brother types once met after a long separation, during which they had each embarked in rather unprofitable enterprises in newspaperdom.

"Why, what in the world made you smelt?"

"I couldn't account for it, people said my paper was racy, and all that," replied the other.

"Racy?" cried the first—"there lies the secret of your failure, it ran you into debt."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the second; "but what brought you down?" he asked.

"My subscribers absconded—every soul of 'em ran away, was the answer."

"Run away, eh?" cried the first; "there indeed lies the secret of your failure; instead of your paper, your subscribers were racy."

Pennywise Kendall, in a letter from Paris, writes that the Crown Prince of Prussia fled ignominiously from Berlin. "Not only did he drop on his knees and beg most humbly for his life, but the crowd even rubbed his nose in the gutter, and otherwise maltreated him."

DeWax.—There is now exhibiting in Havana, a female dwarf named Rilla, fifteen years of age and only 31 inches high, full of grace and intelligence.

If rich, it is easy to hide our wealth; but if poor it is not quite so easy to conceal our poverty. We shall find it less difficult to hide a thousand guineas, than one hole in our coat.

The America.—This steamship has made much the most rapid passage across the Atlantic on record. Her time was 10 days and 8 hours, leaving out the 8 hours detention by the fog, she averaged 320 geographical miles a day, or 15 miles an hour, during the whole passage.

## From the Model American Courier. ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

### A FACT.

Among the numerous visitors to the National Fair, which was held in Washington, in the summer of 1845, was a gentleman who, the following year, was long a resident among the Iron districts of Pennsylvania, and is at present engaged in the manufacture of iron, at one of the iron establishments at the North. He is a man of short stature, stoutly built, and, though not ugly, not very prepossessing in his personal appearance—a fact only alluded to that the succeeding incidents may be the better appreciated.

To relieve his face of the ungainly appearance it had assumed by a two days' growth of beard, he repaired to one of the "monstrous emporiums" of Washington, and, on finding all the barbers occupied, he, at their polite invitation, took off his coat, the pockets of which contained samples of iron, weighing several pounds, and hung it on a peg among the apparel of the other visitors, and waited his turn. One of the gentlemen having "got through," he took his seat, and underwent the pleasant operation of being shaved. After washing his face and arranging his toilet, he would have put on his coat, but lo! to his chagrin, it had disappeared, and on a neighboring peg a coat was discovered, proclaimed by those present, and identified by the barber as the property of Judge D—, a gentleman remarkable for his absent-mindedness, as this incident sufficiently indicates.

It was now quite apparent that Judge D— had worn away the coat in mistake for his own, though it was of a different color, and unlike his own in other respects. Having business of some importance to attend to, "our friend" found himself in a sad predicament, and despatched one of the shop-boys with Judge D—'s coat, to find him and effect an exchange, leaving "our friend" to meditate on the whimsical results of absent-mindedness.

After an unsuccessful search of an hour, the boy returned, and reported the failure of his errand. Here now was a perplexing dilemma to be placed in—le must either proceed out in his shirt sleeves, or wear the unadorned coat of the antique Judge. He decided upon the latter alternative, intending to institute a search for the Judge himself, who, it was feared, had returned to his country residence. He sallied forth, and what a delectable sight he presented, enveloped in the old, brass-bottomed, blue coat—its ancient collar hoary from the powder of many years, the sleeves reaching over his fingers, and the tail extending to within a short distance of his feet! Though he evaded the most public thoroughfares, he met several acquaintances, who quizzed him on his comical appearance; but being otherwise a comparative stranger, and feeling somewhat elated at his own singularity, he became resolute and hurried up to the capital in quest of the man who possessed the specimen of iron it was so necessary for himself to have. Having traversed the "grounds" without finding the object of his search, he proceeded to the Rotunda, and there recognized the Judge, describing the pictures to several ladies, apparently unconscious of the sight and leaving it to them.

Unwilling to continue longer in this uncouth garment, and not from deficient etiquette, "our friend" interrupted the Judge in his gallant occupation, and told him that he had on the wrong coat. Glancing at himself, he perceived the fact for the first time, and remarked, with much humor and sang froid—

"So I have, sir! I beg your pardon. How did it happen?"—a question that was afterwards explained, much to his amusement and amusement.

Leaving the ladies, they proceeded out to the portico, where the Judge proposed an exchange, and pulled off the coat he wore, for that purpose—a course that was partly followed by the other gentleman, but their belligerent and singular appearance having attracted a small crowd around them, he drew it on again, and suggested the propriety of going to some more private place. They therefore went to the rear of the building, and exchanged coats, to the surprise of those who followed them in expectation of witnessing a fight. To the bewilderment of "our friend," the Judge then searched the pockets of his coat in vain for his pocket-book, which he said he had placed there.

"It's gone, sir! full of valuable papers."

"Our friend" recollected that the barber boy had the coat with him, when he was sent to look for the Judge, and for a moment suspicion rested on him as the perpetrator of the lost pocket-book, but, to the relief of all concerned, the Judge found it in his pantaloons pocket. Mutual apologies and explanations ensued, and each went his way in good humor. The

old Judge is now no more, but his title has descended upon "our friend" as a sobriquet that will be attached to him as long as he lives.

## THE CASE OF JOHN MITCHELL— HIS SEDITIOUS LETTER.

The following is an extract from the letter published in the United Freeman, on the 13th of May, by Mr. John Mitchell, its editor, which led to his arrest and commitment to Newgate, and subsequently to his indictment and trial for sedition, of which he has just been convicted, and sentenced to 14 years' transportation:

"I tell you, frankly that I, for one, am not loyal! I am not wedded to the Queen of England, nor unalterably attached to the house of Brunswick. In fact I have my own lawn better than that house. The time is long past when Jehovah anointed Kings. The thing has long since grown a monstrous imposture, and has been already, in some civilized countries, detected and drummed out accordingly. A modern King, my friends, is no more like an ancient anointed shepherd of the people, than an archbishop's apron is like a Crim and a Hummingbird. There is no divine right now but in the sovereign people.

"And for the institutions of the country, I loath and despise them; we are sickening and dying of these institutions; they are consuming us like a plague, degrading us to paupers in mind, body and estate; yes, making our very souls legerly and cowardly. They are a failure and a fraud, these institutions—from the topmost crown jewel to the meanest detective's notebook, there is no soundness in them. Their last hour is at hand, and I thank God that I live in the days when I shall witness their utter downfall, and trample upon the grave of the most portentous, the grandest, the most false, and the cruellest tyranny that ever deformed the world.

"My friends, the people's sovereignty, the land and sea, and air of Ireland; this is the gospel that the heavens and earth are preaching, and that all hearts are secretly burning to embrace. Give up forever that old interpretation you put upon the word 'Repeal.' Repeal is no movement; it is no money, no power, no 'Eighty-two' rebellion, nor poetry, nor O'Connellism, nor Mullaghmast green cap, stage play, nor loud-sounding blarney of any sort got up for any man's profit or praise.

"It is the mighty passionate struggle of a nation hastening to be born into new national life; in which the unspeakable throes of all the parts, and powers, and elements of our Irish existence, our confederations, our Protestant repeal associations, our tenant-right societies, our clubs, clubs and committees, amidst conclusions enough and the saddest jostling and jumping, are all inevitably tending, however unconsciously, to one and the same illustrious goal—not of a local legislature—not a return to your ancient parliament—not a golden rule, or a patchwork parliament, or a College green chapel of ease to St. Stephen's—but an Irish Republic, one and indivisible.

"I will speak plainly. There is now growing in the soil of Ireland a wealth of grain, and roots, and cattle, far more than enough to sustain in life and comfort all the inhabitants of the island. That wealth must not leave us another year—not until every grain is fought for from the binding of the straw to the loading of the ship. And an effort necessary to that simple act of self-preservation will at one and the same time blot out British domination and landlordism together. It is but the one act of volition. If we resolve but to live, we make our country a free and sovereign State.

"Will you not gird up your loins for this great national struggle, and stand with your country for life and land? Will you—the sons of a warlike race—the inheritors of conquering memories, with the arms of freedom in all your homes, and relics of the gallant Republicans of '98 forever before your eyes—will you stand folding your hands in helpless 'loyalty,' and while every nation in Christendom is seizing on its birthright with armed hand, will you take patiently your rations of yellow meal, and your inevitable portion of eternal contempt?

"If this be your determination, Protestants of Ulster, then make haste, sign addresses of loyalty and of confidence in Lord Clarendon, and protest, while that other lord, your unalterable attachment to 'our venerable institutions'—

JOHN MITCHELL.

The first exportation of sugar from Texas was made in 1846, and amounted to only fifty hogheads. The crop of 1847 amounted to 2000 hogheads, of which between 500 and 600 hogheads were exported. This year's crop is estimated at 5000 hogheads.

## TAYLOR AND CASS.

Below we give a short biographical sketch of Gens. Taylor and Cass, which we copy from one of our exchanges, also a neutral like ourselves. There is nothing partisan in these notices, and even if there were, we should not regard it as a very great breach of our neutrality, especially if we administer the doses in equal and exact proportions.—Eds. Visitor.

GEN. ZACHARY TAYLOR was born in Orange county, Va., Nov. 24, 1784. His father Richard was a Colonel in the Revolution, and emigrated to Kentucky in 1788.

Zachary Taylor went to school and worked on the farm near Lexington till in 1808, he received a Lieutenantcy in the 7th U. S. Infantry. He first signaled himself in 1812, when, with a Captain's commission, he was appointed to the command of Fort Harrison on the Wabash, and with only sixteen men fit for duty, he beat off 400 Indians in a desperate night attack which lasted seven hours! For this gallant exploit he was breveted Major.

He again signaled himself in the Black Hawk war, by his energy and firmness in 1832, being then a Colonel. And with this title in 1837, he was placed in command against the Seminole Indians in Florida. On the 25th of December was fought the celebrated Okeechobee battle—1100 American troops, volunteers and regulars, against the whole Indian forces in the swamps. His dearly-bought victory, 26 killed and 112 wounded, prevented the enemy from ever again embodying. For this service he was breveted Brigadier General.

In May, 1846, he was placed in command of the army of Occupation to protect Texas against the invasion of the Mexicans. He remained at Corpus Christi till March 8, 1846, when the advance of the army moved on for the Rio Grande. The subsequent victories of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterrey and the finale at Buena Vista, are familiar to every school boy, establishing for Gen. Taylor a military fame of unsurpassing brilliancy.

GEN. LEWIS CASS, the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, was born in Exeter, N. H., in the year 1782, consequently he is now 66 years of age. His father was a commissioned officer in the Revolutionary war, and served through that whole memorable contest. The son received a common academic education, and afterwards studied law under the late Gov. Meigs of Ohio, the family having emigrated to the West.

In 1806, he became a member of the Ohio Legislature, and was particularly active in ferreting out the Burr conspiracy. Afterwards he was Marshal in the same State, till the British invasion of our Canadian frontiers, called him to the army, which he entered as a Colonel; and the next year he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General. He was under Gen. Harrison in the subsequent in-

vasion of Canada; in the pursuit of Proctor, and in the triumph over the British and Indians, at the Moravian towns.

Gen. Cass was left in command of Michigan, and afterwards was appointed Governor—a station which he filled for 18 years—residing at Detroit—being also President of their Historical Society, with kindred honors from other States.

In 1831 he was appointed Secretary of War by President Jackson—a post in which he continued with the fullest confidence of the President, till he sent him in 1836 on the mission to France, to restore diplomatic relation, after our threatened war with that nation. While in Paris he wrote his famous pamphlet against the 'right of search'—involved in the question of the quintuple treaty, bringing over the French to our interests, and forever defeating the ambitious projects of the British.

In 1845 he was elected to the United States Senate, since which time his name is a part of our history. The high grounds occupied by him on the Oregon question; and his decided position on the Mexican war, are familiar to all who read the papers.

By Telegraph from the St. Louis Union.

### Congressional.

WASHINGTON, June 30.

Senate.—Mr. Westcott from the Post Office committee, reported a bill relative to the employment of public steamers to carry the mail along the Atlantic coast.

Mr. Johnson submitted a resolution, calling on the Secretary of war for information as to the amount that would be necessary to fortify Proctor's Island, for the defence of New Orleans. On motion, ten thousand copies of the report relative to California, were ordered to be printed.

Mr. Butler, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported a joint resolution, providing for the extension of the boundary of Texas, which was read a third time and passed.

Mr. Rusk, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill for establishing a collection district at Brazos St. Jago.

Mr. Hamlin, pursuant to notice, introduced a bill, which was read and referred, making Bangor, Me., a port of entry.

On motion, ten thousand copies of the memorial of the Chicago Convention were ordered to be printed.

The Oregon bill then taken up, when Mr. Phelps addressed the Senate, contending for the right of Congress to exclude slavery from this territory.

Mr. Mason has the floor on this question to-morrow.

On motion, the fortification bill was taken up. Mr. Underwood offered an amendment appropriating \$50,000 towards replacing the Cumberland dam. It was negatived. Bill then read a third time and passed.

On motion of Mr. Benton, the Senate went into Executive session, and afterwards adjourned.

Nothing of importance was transacted in the House.

An intelligent person once sent a note to a waggish friend, requesting the loan of his 'noose' paper, and received in return his friend's marriage certificate.

Honor.—Shooting a friend thro' the head whom you love, in order to gain the praise of a few others whom you despise.

"Is your business so very pressing?" exclaimed a damsel to a wooing printer, as he clasped her in his arms.

"Those trees are pulling out," said a young lady to a gentleman.

"Yes," was the reply, "they will soon leave."

## By Telegraph from the St. Louis Union. FOREIGN NEWS.

### ARRIVAL OF THE CAMBRIA.

Startling Intelligence from Europe—A rather Revolution in France—Over one thousand lives lost.

Boston, July 1.

The steamer Cambria arrived last night, bringing one week's later intelligence from Europe.

She brings news of the most exciting and startling character from France. A revolution broke out on the 4th, in Paris, headed by Louis Blanc, and over 1,000 lives were lost. There is great excitement and alarm prevailing among all classes. Hopes are entertained that the moderate party will not be defeated by the party advocating the establishment of an Empire.

### SECOND DESPATCH.

Boston, July 1st, P. M.

Louis Napoleon rekindled the old Bonaparte enthusiasm. As soon as the Government perceived these symptoms of disaffection, one hundred thousand troops were concentrated at Paris. Disturbances occur nightly. On the 10th ult., two thousand rioters were hemmed in and made prisoners; among them many Englishmen and Americans, disguised as women. At first the National Assembly showed itself actuated by the noblest feelings—denouncing in eloquent terms, all tyrants. The popular feeling, however, was divided. Gries of "Vive La Republique," re-answered and drowned by the more numerous shouts of "Vive Bonaparte." On Monday preceding the day of sailing, when it was rumored that Louis Napoleon had arrived within the city, several regiments of National Guards deserted their standards and raised the familiar shout of "Vive L'Empereur."

Lamartine, meanwhile, was not idle. Pale as ashes he mounted the Tribune and demanded the re-enactment of the edict of 1832—banishing Louis Napoleon. Whilst speaking, a shot was fired on the outside, and his voice was drowned with shouts of "Vive L'Empereur." Overwhelmed, he was obliged to sit down. The decree, however, was passed.

One National Guard was shot dead on the spot.

Despite this edict of the National Assembly, the populace declared that Louis Napoleon shall take his seat in the Assembly, of which he was chosen a member.

On the 13th, the excitement became intense. The rioters endeavored to erect barricades in the streets, but they were prevented by the overwhelming military force.

On the evening of the 13th, the National Assembly re-annulled its decree of the previous day, and admitted Louis Napoleon to his seat, and thus opened the door to civil war.

Ledru Rollin opposed the proceedings most violently, and finally, when the majority prevailed, he resigned his seat.

Lamartine, it is said, will speedily follow his example.

A proclamation had been issued calling the people to arms—to place Louis on the throne.

On Wednesday, Paris was quiet. Louis was hourly expected.

Perigny, a leader of the Bonaparte faction, had been arrested.

Nearly 6,000 commercial houses in Paris alone, have suspended.

### IRELAND.

has been more tranquil since the conviction of Mitchell.

The fraternization of "Old and Young Ireland" had been postponed for a fortnight.

John O'Connell protests loudly against the abandonment of the platform for which his father contended, but he does not receive much attention.

### ENGLAND.

The Chartist demonstration which was to have taken place on the 12th, was overruled by the military and police, who dispersed it before the meeting was organized.

Dumb Man's Wit.—At a recent exhibition of the mutes of the Ohio Asylum at Columbus, the following question was proposed to a deaf and dumb teacher in the institution:

"Would it be wrong for a white man to marry a black wife?"

"I do not know that it would be a sin, who wants one." The questioner smiled.